NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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JOHN KNOX.

In the year 1505 there was born in a suburb of Haddington, Scotland, called Gifford Gate, John Knox, who, afterwards became known as the great Scottish reformer. A small field in the neighborhood still goes by the name of "Knox's Croft." When sixteen years old he went to the University of Glasgow, where he soon distinguished himself as a debater on theological subjects. When twenty-five years old he was ordained and began to teach, and nothing further is known of his life for some twelve years, until in 1543 when he openly professed himself a Protestant, was degraded from his orders and being in danger of his life, fled. From this time out his life was one of great activity in the battle for the truth, which was occasionally curbed by imprisonment and forced retirement from his enemies. In 1559 he took up his residence in Edinburgh where his house remains to this day. It stands at the Netherbow which unites the Canongate to Highstreet. The ground floor is occupied as a tobacconist's shop, but the two stories above are carefully preserved for the inspection of visitors. They are entered by a flight of stairs outside. At one corner of the house is a stone pulpit with the figure of a preacher in it, and there is an inscription written in very old-fashioned spelling, meaning "Love God above all things and thy neighbor as thyself." Knox was the leader in many great reforms and died in 1572, "weary of the world" he said. He was a man of great firmness and decision. He was strong and stern, and neither danger nor anything else prevented him carrying out his convictions. He was shrewd and his language, plain, homely and many will say harsh. He says he had learned "to call wickedness by its own terms—a fig, a fig; a spade, a spade." The Earl of Morton said of him truly as they said of him in the churchyard, "He never feared the face of man."

GOOD AND BAD TEMPERS.

There is a woman told about in a popular legend who once stamped her foot on the ground in a passion, and she drove it so far in that it could not be drawn out again, so there she remained for the rest of her days, a monument to the inconveniences of a bad temper. It is to be regretted that such monuments are not met with in real life, for of all deplorable things against which mankind and womankind should be warned, a fiery disposition is one of the most deplorable.

Some people are born of gentler nature, and so, without much trouble on their part, possess good tempers, but others are by nature so touchy that one can hardly say a word to them without danger of an explosion. It is a great misery, as many of us know, to live with the ill-tempered; indeed may we all be preserved from even an occasional contact with them. On the other hand how is it possible to avoid longing for the society of her whom we are sure always to find with a smile on her face and pleasant words on her tongue?

If a peevish temper makes life disagreeable for other people, do you think the owner of it is any better off? Ask one. Old as the world is, it may safely be said that no one ever yet felt happy after a display of the fireworks of ill-humor.

What a bad example, too, the cross-grained set to their neighbors. This is sometimes not sufficiently thought of by those who in other respects are everything that is estimable, and all who are trying to do good in the world should be ever on their guard lest by ill-timed anger they destroy their influence and make others doubt the sincerity of what is really at bottom a genuine Christian character.

Every exhibition of irritability sinks us in the estimation of our friends, and as the tendency to anger grows by being indulged in, ill-tempered people are in a fair way for having no friends at all.

JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

One odd thing about getting angry is that most often it is about trifles, if not about nothing at all. Everyone has heard of the husband and wife who had a serious quarrel as to whether what they heard scratching behind the wainscot was a rat or a mouse. And, if my memory does not deceive me, another husband and wife had a violent dispute for no other reason than that the one asserted that the tea was made from Thames water whilst the other was equally confident the water came from the New River. Countless tempers are lost for no better reasons than these.

But how shall we cure a bad temper? It is difficult, my child, for our passions are hard to restrain; but just as you can be charming when you please, so by an effort, you can be sweet and gentle though all the world should try to irritate you. Perhaps you think it very difficult, but there never yet was a good thing easily come by.

You may feel angry—constitutionally you may be irritable; many are so, as I have said already—but never give your anger expression. Shut your mouth and say nothing. There was once a famous man who had an exceedingly bad temper. It certainly ran in his family, for his brother was just the same; and it is told that when any cause of offence was given him, he grew very red in the face, and remained for a while silent, and when at last he spoke his words were calm and gentle. He never opened his mouth till he got the better of his rage. This is a noble example, and I would that all the world were like that great man. Bottle up your wrath, then, and if necessity compels you to speak, be as sparing of your words as if they cost five guineas apiece.

But to keep from uttering our anger is not enough: we must harbor no angry thoughts. We cannot help, if quick-tempered, the mere feeling of anger arising in our minds, but we need not let it remain there unless we please. Let there be, then, no nursing of your wrath to keep it warm. Turn at once to something else, and give it the cold shoulder.

Try, above all things, to cultivate noble views both as to life in this world and our future in the next. Whoever is so occupied will have neither time nor taste for petty squabbles and passions about nothing.—*James Mason, in Girl's Own Paper.*

THE BISHOP AND THE BEES.

We find the following good story in a foreign Journal: "A French Bishop, being about to make his annual visitation, sent word to a certain curate, whose ecclesiastical benefice was extremely trifling, that he meant to dine with him, at the same time requesting that he would not put himself to any extraordinary expense. The curate promised to attend to the Bishop's suggestion; but he did not keep his word, for he provided a most sumptuous entertainment. His lordship was most surprised, and could not help censuring the conduct of the curate; observing that it was highly ridiculous in a man whose circumstances were so narrow to launch out in such expense, nay, almost to dissipate his annual income in a single day. 'Do not be uneasy on that score, my lord,' replied the curate, 'for I can assure you that what you now see is not the produce of my curacy, which I bestow exclusively upon the poor.' 'Then you have a patrimony, sir?' said the Bishop. 'No, my lord.' 'You speak in riddles,' rejoined his lordship; 'how do you contrive to live in this manner?' 'My lord, I have a convent of young damsels here, who do not let me want anything.' 'How! you have a convent? I did not know there was one in this neighborhood. This is all very strange, very unaccountable, Mr. Curate.' 'You are jocular, my lord.' 'But come, sir, I entreat that you would solve the enigma; I would fain see the convent.' 'So you shall, my lord, after dinner; and I promise that your lordship will be satisfied with my conduct.' Accordingly, when dinner was over, the curate conducted the prelate to a large enclosure, entirely occupied by bee-hives, and pointing to the latter observed, 'This, my lord, is the convent which gave us a dinner; it brings me in about eighteen hundred livres a year, upon which I live very comfortably, and with which I contrive to entertain my guests genteelly.' The surprise and satisfaction of the Bishop may be imagined."—*Family Friend.*

INFINITE TOIL would not enable you to sweep away a mist, but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which could have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher atmosphere.

NEVER SACRIFICE the right principle to obtain a favor. The cost is too great. If you cannot secure what is right and needful for you by square and manly conduct, better do without it, by all odds. A little self-denial is better than dishonor.

JONATHAN EDWARDS, when a boy, wrote in his journal, "Resolved to live with all my might while I do live."

CHRISTIAN CHARITY is a calm, wise thing. It will sometimes appear to the superficial observer a very hard thing—for it has the courage to refuse.

AUBURN
GALLION QUE

Temperance Department.

"WHATSOEVER YE DO."

"Bless me!" said Hannah Perkins. Then she bent forward and read the words again, slowly, thoughtfully, with wrinkled forehead and astonished, not to say disturbed, face.

"What a verse that is! And to think it has got to last for a lifetime instead of one day. It's queer where my eyes have been that I have never seen that verse before. As many times as I have read it, too! I must say I don't see, either, just how it is to be lived up to for all the plans I had for to-day; almost any other day in the week I might have managed it better. But there, now, it is lifetime work instead of a day's! What am I talking about?"

And Miss Hannah bent with renewed perplexity over the volume of Daily Food, lying open upon her dressing bureau. She had found an unusually hard morsel to digest. "To think," she muttered, "that it should come right into the middle of one's eating and drinking!"

"Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." "What I don't see is," she said, as she threw open the windows and let the crisp air rush in, "how this thing is to be done, and what people are about. It can't be that none of them have discovered it; and yet, as true as I am Hannah Perkins, I can't think of one who seems to be doing it."

Then she went down the long, wide, old-fashioned hall, and threw open the door of her quaintly furnished dining-room, with its neat and glistening table appointments, the table carefully laid for one. Through a partly opened door came the whiff of fragrant coffee and the faint hint of buckwheat cakes and broiling steak. "Whether ye eat or drink," murmured Miss Hannah; and the perplexed look deepened.

"To be sure," she said, addressing herself again, according to the fashion of those who live much alone, "to be sure it will strengthen me for my work to eat beefsteak and drink coffee; but then what work am I going to do that matches the orders?" Setting open the side door, she stepped out into the crisp air, and from her position on the piazza watched Peter as he trundled his barrow down the pebbly lawn with its burden of dried leaves and withered grasses. How blue and cold he looked, and how ragged the summer coat which was still doing duty as a covering. Miss Perkins had never noticed his pinched up look before. She called to him:

"Peter! Have you been to breakfast this morning?"

Peter stayed his wheelbarrow in amazement. "Why, yes'm!" he said.

His mistress gave a little laugh. "Hours ago, I suppose." Then, "Well, Peter, what did you have?"

Peter hesitated, pushed his slouched hat to the back of his head, then suddenly changed his mind, drew it down almost over his eyes, and grew red in the face. "Well, ma'am, it wasn't such an amazing breakfast as it might have been—not a square meal; you see we was a little short this morning, and I just took a bite to stay me, and left the rest for the young ones."

His mistress looked aghast. "Do you really mean to tell me, Peter, that your family hasn't enough to eat?"

"Well, generally speaking, we have, ma'am; but it's an uncommon short time with us now: still, we all had a bite, and I rather expect the oldest boy will bring home some meal with him this morning."

Miss Perkins turned suddenly and went into the neat kitchen. "Keziah," she said to the respectable colored woman who reigned there, "cut a large piece of the steak, and pour a cup of hot coffee, and set a plate of cakes on the side table; and have Peter come in at once and have his breakfast; and fill a basket with whatever cold pieces are handy, and send him home with them as soon as he is through. "'Whether ye eat or drink,'" she said, as she went back to the dining-room; "and here I have been eating and drinking three times a day, and letting that fellow starve under my very eyes! That can't be to His glory, anyhow. Just as likely as not the family are in actual need for clothes and the like, and they live at the foot of my lane, and I don't know a thing about them. It hasn't occurred to me before even to wonder about them. I wonder if he gets pretty steady work, or is it at the nod of any old woman like me, who happens to want a day's work now and then?" And as she sat herself down to her neat breakfast table she made a mental memorandum to "see about that" as soon as breakfast was well over.

"Will we be putting up them lace curtains in the upstairs room?" questioned Keziah, as she made her last journey to the dining-room with steaming cakes.

Her mistress regarded her with an air of puzzled wonder. "There it is again," she said at last. "I declare, now, if it isn't a puzzle!"

"Oh, there's nothing to puzzle, ma'am. I can climb the step-ladder and fix 'em as well as not."

Miss Perkins laughed. "It is a puzzle that refuses to be settled with hammer and tacks. What have lace curtains in my spare bed-room to do with the glory of God, Keziah?"

"Ma'am!" said Keziah, in unbounded astonishment.

Miss Perkins laughed again—a short, troubled laugh. "No," she said presently, "we won't put up the curtains to-day, at least; I may to-morrow, and I may not. I don't see my way clear. If the lace curtains fit, I'd like to have 'em up, and if they don't they can't go up; and that's the long and short of it."

"They fit to an inch," said Keziah, promptly. "I measured them myself only yesterday with a rule."

"But they've got to fit a rule in a Book upstairs, you see; that's the trouble."

What could Keziah do but say, "Ma'am!" again in a mystified way, and what could her mistress do but laugh and dismiss her, though really the confusion of her brain was deepening so rapidly that she saw no place for laughter?

Her breakfast concluded, Miss Perkins still revolving her problem, trying to fit it to the day's programme, stepped to the front door, and set it open, and thence wandered to the gate to lift up a drooping bough, and was there accosted by her favorite nephew, a handsome young fellow with laughing blue eyes and a pleasant smile. "Well, Auntie, how does life use you this morning?"

"Better than I use it. Things are in a muddle."

"No! you don't say that you are muddled? That alarms me. I have always had satisfaction in thinking of the straightforwardness with which you took up life. What has happened?"

Miss Perkins coughed slightly. "Do, Charlie, if you must smoke, turn your head so that every whiff of wind won't send the fumes right down my throat. I like to keep control of my own throat, and I don't chose to choke it up with tobacco."

"Aunt Hannah, you are awful peppery this morning. I believe King Frost has nipped you. Come, tell me what has happened to put you in ill-humor with all the world in general, and your worthless nephew in particular?"

"I am not in ill-humor with the world. I haven't thought of the world this morning. My puzzle has to do with those who come out from the world and are separate, or that say they are; and the worst of it is, I'm one of them, and you're another—you fit right into muddle, Charlie. For instance, now, what has that cigar-smoke, that you make a bellows of your mouth to puff out, got to do with the glory of God?"

"What?" asked the startled nephew.

"Oh, yes, you may well be astonished; but it's a fact that if you have a right to puff it, it ought to fit the pattern. 'Whether ye eat or drink.' That is the rule. To be sure, smoking is neither eating nor drinking. What is it, anyway? What list could you put it in—intellectual, mental, moral; where does it belong? But in any case it is included, because the rest of the verse is, 'Whatsoever ye do.' It is a difficult matter to get away from that, you see. Now, how do you work in the smoking for the glory of God?"

"Upon my word, auntie, I fail to see what you are driving at. So far as I know, smoking has never been extolled as one of the Christian virtues. I don't pretend that it is necessary to Christian development, I'm sure."

"I'm not talking about 'Christian development,' nor 'Christian virtue,' nor any other phrase that will hide the square, unadorned truth. There's the rule. 'Do all to the glory of God.' Now, cigar-smoke either fits in or else it doesn't. And if it does, I'm asking how."

"But, Aunt Hannah, there would be no end to your speculations if you should get on that line. Why, the very puckers on your sleeves would have to be ripped up and looked into if you narrowed things down to that rule. How do they fit? come now."

Miss Hannah looked down at the innocent little ruffle on her trim morning dress, with a grave, thoughtful face, and answered quickly: I don't know; ruffles and cigars occupy different positions, and one is more harmful, to say the least, than the other; but it's a fair question, and needs looking into, which is just what I've set out to do, and it doesn't alter one whit the position which you have on the cigar question. I'm ready, however, to look them squarely in the face, and if they won't fit, rip them off. Are you ready to take an equally square look at cigars? What are the arguments for smoking, anyway?"

Charlie laughed. "It is something I never took the trouble to argue about. Smoking is a luxury, I suppose—a harmless one, I think, and therefore I indulge?"

"Then you don't do it for the glory of God?"

"Aunt Hannah, I hope you will pardon me for saying so, but honestly, that sounds almost irreverent to me."

"What does—the not living up to it, or the talking about it?"

"The trying to apply such solemn words to a trival indulgence."

"Bless me! how can I help it? I didn't make the application. 'Whatsoever ye do,' is the exact phrase. If the Bible is irreverent, I'm not to be blamed for it."

"But, my dear auntie, do you honestly think the verse applies to our everyday movements in the way you are trying to fit it?"

"What does it mean?"

"Why, it refers, in a general way, to our living consistent Christian lives—being careful to do nothing that will bring discredit on the cause."

"Why doesn't it say so, then?"

"That is just what I think it has done. That is the way I interpret the verse, and the only reasonable interpretation that I think it will bear."

"If you had written a letter to me, the object of which was to admonish me in a general way to be careful that I did nothing to bring discredit on your father's family, would you have written: 'Now, Aunt Hannah, whether you eat or drink, or whatever you do, do all to the glory of our family?'"

"Aunt Hannah, you're famous for putting a fellow into a corner."

"I haven't put you in any corner; you have put yourself there. I advise you to study logic before you make a commentary. It is as plain as the rule of three. There is the direction from One whom we acknowledge has a right to direct us. Now, smoking is either for the glory of God, or else it isn't. If it isn't according to the rule, what right have you to it? and, if it is, you ought to be able to tell me how it fits."

"Aunt Hannah, how does that fit?" The nephew nodded his head toward the old-fashioned, roomy carriage, drawn by two sleek horses, which was at this minute coming around the curve that led from Miss Perkins's ample barn. "Now, that is a nice, comfortable carriage, and I daresay you take great pleasure in riding around in it, and I know our folks enjoy it ever so much but how does it fit into your new notions?"

"They are not my notions, Charlie Parker. You needn't go to comforting yourself with the idea that I have anything to do with the getting up of that verse. Take your Bible as soon as you go home, and see if I haven't quoted it word for word. As to how that carriage fits in, I don't know. I see it is going to be one of my puzzles. I don't believe it will puzzle me quite as badly as your cigars will you, for I can think this minute of ways in which I might use the carriage and horses to his glory, and, in my opinion, you will have a hard time to do the same about smoking."

Miss Perkins trotted in full of new ideas. Her nephew was very dear to her, and his habit of smoking had long been a trial that she had endured in silence, not feeling safe as to what was best to say. But the innocent-looking ruffles on her quiet dress, and the sleek horses attached to her comfortable carriage, had each given her a twinge. It was not that they held special troubles, but that they represented a legion of plans and occupations, and comforts and delights that puzzled her because they did not seem to fit.
—*National S. S. Teacher.*

FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.

I'm a working man and never could see any reason why I shouldn't have my two pints of beer every day, a pint for dinner and a pint for supper; never more, never less."

"I'm a moderate man," I've said many and many times; "and I honor moderate men more than those who are obliged to take a pledge, because they can't be moderate men."

So, quite satisfied with my position as a moderate man, I never thought of joining any teetotal society; I was temperate, and that was enough.

I was going to the public-house one day during the dinner-hour (my work was too far away for me to go home to dinner) when I met Will Smith. I hadn't seen him for many years, and didn't even know he had come to my part of the world. We fell to talking, and I found he'd had hard times and little food, but he hoped to start off to work next day.

We stood outside the public-house while he told me all this, so I said "I'll stand you a pint to-day, Will, I'm going in for mine;" and we turned into the public-house together.

We drank our beer, and went out into the street in company, and Will walked a little way with me. I thought he looked rather flushed when I said good-bye at the corner of the street, but I noticed nothing particular about him.

I was returning home that evening and met a neighbor, "What's come over you, Tom?" he asked. "I thought you boasted that you were a moderate drinker, and never took more than your pint for dinner and pint for supper?"

"No more I do."

"How much did you take at dinner-time to-day? and what did you give that fellow I saw standing alongside of you?"

"We had a pint each; why?"

"Because he's been taken off to the lock-up for being the worse for drink, and fighting."

"That's no fault of mine; he must have had more after I left him."

"Well, I should think it a fault to induce a fellow to drink. Why did you not give him the money the drink cost you? He might then have done some good with it."

Though I excused myself, I went home feeling very uncomfortable. I told my wife what I had done, and what I heard. She tried to excuse me; but it wasn't much use—my conscience bothered me, and a voice kept whispering, "It's your pint of beer that's done the mischief."

Next day Will was taken before the magistrates and fined for being drunk. He had no money to pay the fine with, so he had to go to prison, and thus lost his situation.

Upon enquiry, I found my treating him had done the mischief. I learnt my lesson and the meaning of the words, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

My one pint had caused Will Smith to offend, and had injured his prospects in life; from that time I gave up drink for the sake of others.—*Friendly Greetings.*

TEMPERANCE IN THE SCHOOLS.—No man's public rights will be invaded if it is decided, as we think it ought to be, that total abstinence is the form of temperance which should be enjoined in the schools. The subject belongs fairly and wholly within that range of practical matters affecting the state, upon which the state has a right to give judgment; and it lies, too, in the appropriate region of school-life. We do not think, therefore, that any man has a right to be offended, whatever his own personal opinion or practice may be, if he finds that the principles of total abstinence are laid down and commended in our public schools. And no school authorities anywhere ought to hesitate in causing such instruction to be given. It is the safe course, assuredly, for the children and for the public, and no one may fairly object.—*The Congregationalist.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
You are almost too tired to pray to-night,
But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day;
We are so dull and thankless and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.
And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then!
I wonder so that mothers ever fret
O'er little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more,
If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown—
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

THE TRUTHFULNESS OF CHILDREN.

MRS. KATE TENNATE WOODS.

Many fathers and mothers of the present day can remember a time when children were whipped for mere trifles, and any fanciful creation of the imagination was condemned as untruthful. In fact such was the dread of a whipping that children told untruths to avoid it. "I verily believe," said an elderly woman, now a grandmother, "that we were taught to fib and deceive by being in constant fear, or from being doubted."

"Are you sure you are telling the truth?" asked an unwise parent. Never for one moment permit the child to think you would suspect him, and always teach him that the truth, though against him, will never be met with punishment. Parents thoughtlessly snub and badger little ones when they attempt to tell a story, until in the mental confusion the child forgets where fancy ends and fact begins. A well known and popular writer of fiction says she "was frequently punished for telling stories when she was a child, and she has cried bitterly many a night because the stories would make up and seem so true, and she dared not tell them to any one." A powerful imagination is a great gift, and the parent who trifles with it is in danger of doing serious injury. If we desire children to be exact, we must first be exact ourselves. Parents frequently prevaricate in the presence of their children, and then punish them for doing the same thing. For instance, in the horse-cars a mother does not tell a deliberate falsehood about the child's age when asked, but she does keep back the truth, in order to save half the fare. The keen-witted boy receives in this way a lesson in deception which is never forgotten.

Again, a child brings home some trifle he has found, and no effort is made to ascertain the real owner; the boy at once considers all things his rightful property, and cares nothing whatever for the unfortunate loser. Directness in speech as well as acts should be the custom before children. If the girl and boy are carefully taught the appropriation of such goods is theft, they will use every means to restore them; but this is not the case; people exult over such affairs, and take a positive pleasure in recounting the number of things they have found. Dishonesty, theft and crime are ugly words, but they alone express the outcome of petty vices which are unintentionally creeping into schools and families. The boy who finds a pretty knife, and conceals it, is in a fair way to become a bank robber or defaulter. The girl who takes a yard of lace, which her employer "will never miss," soon finds it easy to take several yards. All these things grow rapidly, as evil ever does. It is not uncommon to hear some one remark—"Why, I cannot see why Mr.—— should turn out so, his father and mother were such good people." Look back to his childhood and you can see. When he was sent to do a simple errand, and a mistake was made in his favor, he was not promptly sent back; if the change was short, complaint was made at once. He was taught to dress well, look well and be polite. Why? Because people would talk about him." The one thing constantly kept before him was, "What will folks say?" Not, do right because it is right, and any wrong is sin; but do right because it is respectable, or, in the cant term of the day, "because it pays." If his father made a little extra money by taking slight advantages of a friend, the boy heard it praised as shrewd, good management, and a bit of luck.

Gradually his entire moral sense was blunted, and when he came to be a man he did not intend to be a thief, he only meant to borrow a little from the bank for present use, which sum he should faithfully return. He borrowed a little more, and a little more, until disgrace and flight was the result. Tracing this to its cause, we find untruthfulness in the home the beginning.

Not long since we heard a patient mother quietly contend for exactness with a little son. He had returned from skating, and related in boyish style and exaggerated manner a near approach to accidental drowning. Knowing his imaginative powers and love of dramatic effect, she begged her guests to excuse her while she had the story repeated three times, each in a different way; then, taking a paper and pencil, she said kindly—"Now, dear, you have a place here for the pond, there is the open space; now you will please point it all out exactly as you saw it, not as it seems to you when you think of it." The result was that the story was told simply and correctly the fourth time, and the boy was complimented for so doing. "You may think me over particular," she said, "but I suffered in my younger days from an over-active imagination, and I want him to understand the difference between fact and fancy."

Another instance of the way in which children are taught to be untruthful will recall to some mothers their own mistakes. "Johnnie, have you been getting on the teams for a ride again, catching on behind, after I told you I would whip you?" said a good but unwise woman. Of course Johnnie, with the fear of the rod before him, said, "No, ma'am;" whereas we had seen him only five minutes before engaged in that dangerous but exciting sport of "catching on behind." It is easier to lie, and avoid a whipping, than to speak the truth and take one. To our thinking the very best ground for parents and children is that of perfect confidence. Only the other day a little fellow dropped and broke a valuable pitcher while going down stairs with a playmate; his consternation was terrible; but the playmate said, hurriedly, "Tell her you slipped, and she won't whip you." Instantly the unfortunate boy drew himself up, saying with dignity—"My mother never whips me for an accident; I was swinging it round, and I will tell her so," which he did, not knowing that the mother's quick ears had heard all.

"I am sorry you were not more careful, dear," was her only comment; "remember, hereafter, that pitchers, made of rare china, are not to be used like base-ball clubs." If children cannot go to their parents with all their trials, doubts, worries, fears and hopes, where can they go? They are the natural protectors, not the stern judges; the loving friends, not the cruel masters. If we would make them truthful, we must teach them to be so by our example as well as precept; and when they err, remember it is far easier to win than drive. A parent that is feared is unnatural, and sure to work ruin with tender young hearts. A parent who is companion, friend and instructor is a prize beyond compare.

Let us encourage our children to tell us the pretty fancies so dear to them, but let us draw the line with a firm hand between fact and fancy.—*Ehrich's Fashion Quarterly.*

PLANTS IN WATER.

For an acorn, a hyacinth glass or a pickle jar is suitable. Choose a fine healthy looking acorn and crochet with moderately coarse cotton a little net-work case just large enough to hold it. Take off the cup and put the acorn, point downward, in this little bag closing it at the top, and make a loop of cotton or chain stitch about two inches long (according to the depth of the bottle), to hang it up by. Cut a narrow piece of wood, of such a size that it will lie across the top of the jar without slipping in, pass it through the loop, and thus hang the acorn point downward in the glass, which must have just so much water in it that the tip of the acorn scarcely touches it. Keep the bottle in a dark cupboard till the acorn has sprouted and then put it in the light, just as you would a hyacinth, being careful to keep the water always at the same level. This will live a long time if properly managed. An ordinary sweet chestnut can be grown in the same way, and a drop of ammonia in the water once in a while with this latter will prove most stimulating. A potato can be grown just as a hyacinth bulb, and as the little tubers form under the water, it shows in broad day-light the growth and development of this vegetable.

A carrot grown in sand is a highly ornamental object if carefully managed. Choose a good-sized and healthy root which has begun to sprout, if possible. Cut the crown off quite evenly and place it on the top of a pot of sand, covering it so that the leaves look as if they sprang directly from the sand. Moisten it well and keep it in the dark until it has begun to sprout. Be careful to keep it damp and to move it in the light as soon as the leaves appear. This is an ornament pretty enough for any room, looking like a pot of ferns. A turnip, carefully washed and hollowed out, if hung by cords and kept full of water, will soon be covered with fine green foliage, making a pretty little hanging basket.—*Hope Ledyard.*

Apple Shortcake.—This is always a dainty dish. Make the cake of biscuit dough, with a tablespoonful of sugar added to it; or take one-half cupful of lard and half cupful of butter and cut them into a quart of flour. Wet it up with one egg beaten into a teacupful of sweet milk or water. Beat it together, add a little sugar, and roll out as soft as possible. Divide the dough into four pieces, roll each one out, and bake in jelly cake tins to a light brown. When baked, spread each cake with good butter, and spread over it a thick layer of stewed and sweetened apples. The tartest apples make the nicest shortcake. Pile the layers one upon the other. Scatter white sugar over the upper crust. Place in the oven for seven or eight minutes. Serve hot, with cream beaten to a stiff froth.

Apple Fritters.—One pint of sour milk, with a tablespoonful of melted butter added to it, or one-half sour cream and one-half sour milk; one well beaten egg; a pinch of salt, and a tablespoonful of soda, dissolved in boiling water. Add flour enough to stir it to a thick batter. Slice a dozen tart apples. Mix with the batter and fry in hot lard, like doughnuts, by the large spoonful. Dip the spoon into the boiling lard, then into the batter, and it will not stick to it. Serve hot for dessert, with maple molasses or sugar sauce.

Two Custards.—Take a pint of milk, add two large eggs, both whites and yolks, and a little nutmeg. Beat these together for five minutes, and pour into a saucepan. Stir over a clear fire till the mixture thickens. Put into a jug a little drop of almond flavoring, or vanilla (half a teaspoonful is ample), strain the custard into the jug, strain it once more and serve cold. The other recipe is equally simple and economical. For it you must boil a pint of new milk, with a little lemon peel, two bay-leaves, and sugar to taste. Meanwhile, rub down smooth, a dessert-spoonful of rice-flour into a cup of cold milk, and mix with it the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Take a basin of hot milk and mix with the cold, then pour that into the saucepan of boiling milk again, stirring it one way till it thickens and is on the point of boiling. Next pour it out into a jug or other vessel, stir it for some time, adding a table-spoonful of peach-water, and any flavoring you please."

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

In double form my first is framed,
In fable and in history;
Great, good and true—small, shy and false;
Solve, if you can this mystery.

My second figures in romance,
In ballad, and in story;
Has lain above the lover's heart,
And grasped the sword of glory.

"Far from the madd'ning crowd" my whole
Exists for beauty only;
It shuns the city's crowded ways,
And springs in hamlets lonely.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

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1, a vegetable; 2, a wayside weed; 3, a tree; 4, a kind of rose; 5, a delicious fruit. The centrals give an eastern country.

BEHEADINGS.

Behead to dispose of for a price, and leave a measure of a yard and a quarter.

To scorch, and leave a vessel in which the ashes of burned dead bodies were anciently put.

Garments worn by men, and leave a kind of grain.

Fragrant ointments, and leave charitable donations.

To ascend, and leave part of a tree.

An article of furniture, and leave what grows on the skins of animals.

CHARADE.

My first is a nickname
For second, I ween;
In whole a retainer
Most surely is seen.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

Transpose the letters A E M S T into four different words.

MISSIONARY TOUR IN ASIA MINOR.

The names of eleven places in Asia Minor are hidden in the following—

The anti-ochlocratic party will have their hands full if they try to please Lucias, if he is their vassal. A missive received this noon (not by any means a political pap) hostile to the keeper, gave a note of warning to him to stop. As I diagrammed the Icon I umberated the head too much. The affair you mention occurred between the ports to which the steamer plys; tradition says one of the missionaries was wrecked here. How the person you mentioned escaped is a wonder; be he an imposter or no, his companion Matt, alias Cantic Chase is, and will yet do him much harm.

ODD DIAMOND.

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Read across only.

1, A vowel. 2, Part of a yard. 3, To crawl. 4, To put on floors. 5, A Hindoo priest. 6, A kingdom. 7, Single. 8, A consonant.

Centrals, read down, a large animal.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF JANUARY 1.

Acrostic.—Christmas.
1. Carols.
2. Holly.
3. Ringing.
4. Ice.
5. Snap-dragon.
6. Time.
7. Mistletoe.
8. Afterwards.
9. Sleep.

Riddles.—1, 1J votes-violets; 2, caprice.

Charade.—Ho-hen-lin-den.

Jumble.—
"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these "it might have been."
WHITTIER.

Positive and Comparative.—
Mast, Master.
Bat, Batter.
But, Butter.
Full, Fuller.
Bet, Better.

Celebrated Namesakes.—1, John called Lackland; 2, John Mandeville; 3, John Wycliffe; 4, John Huss; 5, John Cabot; 6, John Calvin; 7, John Fletcher; 8, John Carver; 9, John Milton; 10, John Bunyan; 11, John Dryden; 12, John Locke; 13, John Wesley; 14, John Andre; 15, John Audubon; 16, John Ericsson; 17, John G. Whittier; 18, John L. Motley; 19, John G. Saxe; 20, John Wilkes Booth.

"MISS POSITIVE."

The girls called her that, because she was always so sure she was right. Her real name was Ida. In Miss Hartley's school, the scholars each said a verse from the Bible every morning at prayers. One morning Ida had such a funny verse, it made the scholars all laugh, and even Miss Hartley had to pucker her lips a little to keep sober.

This was the verse, repeated in Ida's gravest tone:

"It never rains but it pours."

Now all the girls knew enough about the Bible to be sure there was no such verse in it; except Ida—she was "just as sure it was in the Bible as she was that she had two feet!" so she said; and if they didn't believe it, they might ask Miss Hartley."

So at recess they all asked Miss Hartley at once:

"Miss Hartley, is there such a verse?" "Miss Hartley, there *isn't!* is there?"

And Miss Hartley had to say that, so far as she had read the Bible, or heard it read, she certainly had never heard any such verse in it.

But Miss Positive was not convinced. She shook her pretty brown head, and said she couldn't help it; it *was* in the Bible; in the Book of Proverbs, and she could bring the book to school to show them.

Miss Hartley said this would be the very best thing to do. So, the next day came Ida, looking pleased and happy, with a little bit of a book in her hand, and pointing her finger in triumph to the verse in large letters:

"It never rains but it pours."

"But, dear child," said Miss Hartley, "don't you know that this isn't a Bible?"

"Oh yes, indeed," said Ida; "it is out of the Bible, every word of it; don't you see it says Proverbs on the cover? Everybody knows that Proverbs is in the Bible."

Then the girls all laughed again; and Miss Hartley explained that the book was a collection of the wise sayings of different men, and that they were called proverbs, because they had so much meaning in them and were used so much.

After a good deal of talk, Ida had to own that she was mistaken, and that there wasn't a word of the Bible in her book from beginning to end. Then how her naughty little playmates teased her!

At the play-hour, they buzzed around her like so many mosquitos, and giggled, and asked her if she "got caught in the rain," and if it "poured hard to-day," and ever so many other silly things that they seemed to think were funny.

Ida stood it very well. At last she said, "I've got a verse for to-morrow that is surely in the Bible; Uncle Ed found it for me: 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.' And girls, in spite of all your teasing, I'm going to try to keep the door shut." Then all the owners of these naughty tongues slipped away, one by one, looking ashamed. It *wasn't* the thing to say so much just about a mistake. —*Children's Paper.*

BE PUNCTUAL.

Capt. Jones was the owner of a fine sailing-boat, and being fond of boys, he arranged one Saturday afternoon to take several of them out on a boating excursion. At the time appointed all of them were there but one, John Gay, a boy who was noted for his want of promptness and punctuality. All the other boys were ready, and anxious at once to enter the boat, but John did not make his appearance. And they urged Capt. Jones to go immediately.

"Hadn't you better wait for John Gay," asked the captain, "so he won't be left?"

"How long have we waited already?" said Edwin Ross.

"Nearly half an hour," said another, "and I would not wait any longer."

"No," said Will Leslie, who was a leader of the boys, "I would not wait any longer. There's no use waiting for John; he never was ready in season for anything. He's late at his breakfast, late at dinner, late in going to bed, and late in getting up. All his mother can do never gets him started for school in season. If he is sent anywhere, he never goes in time. He was going to his uncle's last week by the railway, but was so late in going to the train that he was left behind. He's always late, and I'm not for being bothered for him any more. Come along."

And the boys did come, and the captain with them. And in about fifteen minutes afterward down came John to the place of meeting, in a great hurry, and was greatly disappointed to find they had all gone. "Dear me!" he said, "it's too bad. I do think it's *too* bad that no one will ever wait for me."

There are too many people like John Gay. They lose in both pleasures and privileges by not being punctual. Washington once said to his secretary, who was behind time at an appointment, and who said that his watch was not right, "You must get a new watch, or I must get a new secretary." And at a committee meeting, where one of his eight members was fifteen minutes behind the appointed time, a sensible Quaker said, "Friend, I am sorry thee should have wasted thine own quarter of an hour, but what is worse, thee has wasted the time of every one of us seven—in all two hours; and this thee had no right to do."

THE CHINESE BABY.

Begin early to be punctual in everything, and soon you will form the habit of punctuality, and this will be of benefit to yourself and of comfort to others as long as you live. Be prompt in obeying your parents, in learning your lessons, in going to school and to church and to Sunday-school; prompt and punctual in doing whatever you have to do, and it will aid you to success in everything. "How can you accomplish so much as you do?" said a friend to one of the most enterprising and successful business men in a large city. "By having a time and place for everything," was the answer, "and doing everything promptly at its time."

Let every young person learn this lesson and act upon it, and you will be astonished to see how much you can accomplish, and how surely you will gain the confidence of others. —*Child's Paper.*

WHERE IS IT?

"Walter," said a sick father to his little boy one day, "be sure to drop this letter in the office on your way to school. I have no one else to send with it, and it must go by this mail."

"Yes, papa," said Walter, as he ran off. His mind was so full of other things, that he forgot the letter until he went up into his father's room again just before dinner time.

"Oh, papa, I forgot your letter. I'll run off now to the office," he said, getting ready to leave the room.

"I am so sorry," said his father. "It was very important that it should go by that mail. You have made a great deal of trouble and expense for me and others by neglecting it."

"I am sorry," began Walter.

"I will forgive you," said his father, "but do be more careful another time."

Walter ran to the office and then sat down to his dinner.

"Mamma, did you save the fruit for me I was not well enough to eat yesterday?" he asked, when he had satisfied his hunger.

"I gave it to Ellen to put away for you. Get it for Walter, dear," his mother said, turning to her little daughter.

"Oh, mamma, I forgot," said Ellen, half crying. "I left it on the table, and——"

"And sure I thought it was for *meself*," said Bridget, "and I ate it up."

"You *ought* to have remembered it," said Walter angrily to his sister. "If you cared anything for me you would have done so. I'll never do anything for you again."

"Oh, Walter," said his mother sadly, as Ellen ran out of the room crying, "you remind me——"

But I think I will not tell you, my little friends, of what Walter's mother was reminded. It was of one of the parables of our Saviour. Please see if you can find it out for yourselves, and *all by yourselves*, if possible. *If necessary*, your mothers can tell you in what book we read it. I am glad I did not finish the story, as I meant to, because I want you to search the Scriptures as much as possible.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE CHINESE BABY.

This baby seems to be enjoying himself in his peculiar looking cradle made of thickly twisted straw. He is standing on a brazier containing heated charcoal to keep himself warm and playing with a string of beads, just as any baby in this country delights to do.

FOLLOWING JESUS.

Harry, Mary, Elsie and Theodore had come down for their Sunday afternoon "lessons" with mamma. First they each said the books of the Bible, which they were required to repeat every Sunday.

They knew them pretty correctly, except that Elsie and Theodore were apt to put some of the Epistles in the wrong order. Then came their hymns, and, this "hard work" being over, they all settled themselves with great content to be read to. The elder ones chose for themselves those chairs they considered most comfortable, while Theodore lay on the rug with his head on a cushion, as the best position he could find for giving full attention to the reading.

The call of the apostles (Matt. iv. 18-22) came in the course of the lesson: "They straightway left their nets, and followed Him." "They immediately left the ship and their father, and followed Him."

"Was it right to leave their father?" asked Mary.

"Yes, dear, it must have been right, and we have no reason to think the father had no one left to help him. Christ called certain men to be His companions, and to be witnesses to the world of His mighty works. Perhaps we may not quite understand all that the calling of the apostles means, but there is a lesson in this passage for every one of us. Perhaps you do not see how we can leave our nets to follow Jesus, but I think I do."

"How, mother?"

"Well, what was it Peter and Andrew did? They left what they wanted to do, to do what the Lord Jesus wanted them to do. Now we can all do that; you, dear children, and mother too. This afternoon, for instance, perhaps mother was tired, and would rather have read her book than given you your lessons; but the Bible tells her to teach her children out of God's Word, and she feels bound to do it. Sometimes the children are told to do things they would much rather not do, but the Bible says, 'Children, obey your parents,' and if they do it cheerfully for His sake, because He tells them, then they are doing what pleases Him for them to do, as much as if it were some great thing."

A smile went round the little faces, and Theodore said, "Yes, I see; for instance, we are very happy playing in the playroom, and nurse says we have to come for a walk. That is a little like it."

"Yes, dears, and it may be that some day the Lord Jesus may tell you to do more than these little things to please Him. He may say to you that He wants you to be missionaries for Him, and really leave all for Him; but now every day when we leave off doing something that we enjoy, or do something we dislike because we believe the Lord Jesus wishes it, we may think of the apostles leaving their nets, and remember that the Bible tells us that every little tiny thing may be done to the glory of God, 'whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do.'"

"I think being a missionary is most like it," said Harry.—*Word and Work.*

THE HAPPY LITTLE GIRL.

"The happiest child I ever saw," says an English clergyman, "was a little girl I once met when travelling in a railway carriage. We were both going up to London, and we travelled a good many miles together. She was only eight years old, and was quite blind; had never been able to see at all. She had never once beheld the bright sun, the twinkling stars, the beautiful sky, the grass, the flowers, the trees, the birds, or any of those pleasant things which we see every day of our lives; but still she was quite happy.

"She was all by herself, poor little thing. There was neither father nor mother, relative nor friend, to be with her and take care of her on her journey, and yet she was contented and happy.

"'Tell me,' she said on getting into the carriage, 'how many people are in this carriage, for I am blind, and can't see anything.' A gentleman asked her 'if she was not afraid?' 'No,' she said, 'I am not afraid. I have travelled before. I trust in God, and know that He will take care of me.'"

"But I soon found out why she was so happy. It was because she loved Jesus. I began to talk with her about the Bible, and I was surprised to find how much she knew about it. She talked to me about sin; how it first came into the world, when Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit; but how it was to be seen everywhere now!

"Then she talked about Jesus. She told me of the agony in the garden of Gethsemane; of His sweating great drops of blood; of the soldiers nailing Him to the cross; of the spear piercing His side, and the blood and water coming out. 'Oh,' she said, 'how very good it was of Him to die for us; and such a cruel death!'"

"I asked her what part of the Bible she liked best. She said she liked all the history of Jesus; but the chapters she most loved to hear were the last two chapters of the book of Revelation. I had a pocket Bible with me, so I took it out and read those chapters to her as we went along."

"When I had done she began to talk about heaven. 'Only think,' she said, 'how nice it will be to be there! *There* will be no more sorrow, nor crying, nor tears. And then the Lord Jesus will be there; for it says, the Lamb is the light thereof; and we shall always be with Him. There will be no night there. But best of all, there will be no blind people in heaven. *I shall see Jesus* there, and all the beautiful things in heaven; won't that be glorious?"

Now think of this poor little blind girl. Think of her taking such pleasure in talking about Jesus. Think of the joy she felt in hearing the account of heaven, where there is no sorrow or night. If belonging to Jesus could make a poor blind child like this so happy, then the family made up of those who know and love Him must be a happy family.—*Selected.*

SOME SABBATH-KEEPING BIRDS.—At a young ladies' school near Bristol, England, it is customary for the pupils, on week days, to eat their noon luncheon on the playgrounds. The sparrows soon found out that crumbs were dropped on the ground, and they would gather in large numbers, just before twelve, wait till the girls had eaten their lunch and then scramble for their own feast. On Sundays, the pupils went to church and dined indoors, a fact which the sparrows quickly learned, and so they never came on that day. They seemed to have some way of giving this information to each other, and also of notifying when noon was drawing near.—*Congregationalist.*

MEN IN RESPONSIBLE SITUATIONS cannot, like those in private life, be governed solely by the dictates of their own inclinations or by such motives as can only affect themselves.—*Washington.*

The Family Circle.

TRADITION OF THE VAUDOIS.

J. G. WHITTIER.

"Oh, lady fair! these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare—
The richest web of the Indian loom,
Which beauty's self might wear;
And these pearls are pure and mild to behold,
And with radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way—
Will my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man,
Through the dark and clustering curls,
Which veiled her brow as she stooped to view
His silks and glittering pearls,
And she placed their price in the old man's hand,
And lightly she turned away;
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,
"My gentle lady, stay!"

"Oh, lady fair! I have yet a gem,
Which purer lustre flings
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown
On the lofty brow of kings—
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,
Whose virtue shall not decay—
Whose light shall be a spell to thee,
And a blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel
Where her youthful form was seen—
Where her eyes shone clear and her dark locks waved
Her clasping pearls between:
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveller gray and old,
And name the price of thy precious gem,
And my pages shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,
As a small and meagre book,
Unchased by gold or diamond gem,
From his folding robe he took;
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price—
May it prove as such to thee!
Nay, keep thy gold—I ask it not—
For the word of God is free!"

The hoary traveller went on his way—
But the gem he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On the high-born maiden's mind;
And she hath turned from the pride of sin
To the loveliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God
In the beauteous hour of youth.

And she hath left the old gray halls,
Where an evil faith hath power,
And the courtly knights of her father's train,
And the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois' vale,
By lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are bound
In the perfect love of God!

AMY'S PROBATION.

By the Author of "Glaucia," &c.

CHAPTER II.—THE TWO SISTERS.

Mr. Curtis was absent from home nearly a fortnight, and Mrs. Curtis was much exercised in her mind as to the cause of this lengthened delay in her husband's return. Nothing had been said in his home letters, but she had a dim foreboding that her brother-in-law's affairs were in some confusion, and she was in fear lest her husband should burden himself with any responsibility concerning the widow and two orphan girls.

"I wish he would come home or explain just how matters are, and then I should know what to do," she said irritably, when talking to her sister one day.

"Well, my dear, if things are as you fear, depend upon it, John will undertake to educate the two girls," said Miss West, settling herself back in the rocking-chair.

"Nonsense, Maria; he would never be so foolish, with our children to educate, too. Besides they are both older than Milly now—old enough to leave school."

"Well, my dear, we shall see. It is not often I am wrong," remarked Miss West, and in this she was correct. Her shrewdness gave her a wonderful insight into most things, and had helped to foster the ascendency she certainly exercised over her more indolent, though elder, sister.

"Now, my dear, suppose my surmise is correct," began Miss West, after a pause, "what do you mean to do?"

"Do! Why I won't allow him to throw his money away upon strangers. I tell you, Maria, for all we seem so wealthy, I have enough to do to make ends meet sometimes."

"But you see the difficulty is, these two girls are not strangers, but your nieces, and I think I have heard John say he was under obligation to this brother."

Mrs. Curtis winced. "I'm sure I don't know anything about it," she said.

"Well, you may forget, but John won't; and so you may prepare yourself to receive these girls."

"What do you mean, Maria?"

"Why, I should not be surprised if John brought them along with him to send them to school with Milly."

"But we couldn't afford it, I tell you."

"John won't think much of that, I fancy. But now suppose they do come, what do you mean to do?"

"Well, I can't turn them out, can I? What do you mean, Maria?"

"Well, this. You want Milly to go back with Augusta Crane—I think it is such a chance as should not be neglected—but you are afraid John will object through the old prejudice against convent schools. Now, you propose that the three girls should go together. It will be an immense saving; the girls will be well educated at the cost of only a few dollars; and if these nieces of yours have any taste for music they might be trained for music teachers, and so be put in the way of earning a very genteel livelihood for themselves by and by."

"Maria, how clever you are!" exclaimed her sister. "I should never have thought of such a plan."

The shrewd lady was not far out in her surmises concerning Mr. Curtis, and what he proposed doing for his orphan nieces; but she would have laughed could she have known the trepidation he felt at the thought of proposing the plan to his wife. He quite meant to carry it out. He always did have his own way when he had once made up his mind about anything; but he dreaded the nagging, and sighs and groans, and visions of poverty his wife would conjure up when she heard of the plan, and so it was with a troubled, anxious face that he greeted them upon his arrival. Nothing was said about his brother's affairs that night, but the next morning, when breakfast was over, he began:

"My dear, is that room next to Milly's still full of old lumber?"

"Full of old lumber, John! There's the furniture you would not have sold when we came from the old house."

"Ah! to be sure. Well, perhaps it would be better to sell some of it after all, my dear, as you proposed, but you might keep enough to furnish it decently as a bedroom."

"Another bedroom, John! What is that for?"

"Well, my dear, the fact is, poor Bob's affairs are in some confusion. Fanny is going to her own people for a time, and I have asked the girls to come here. They can go to school with Milly, you know."

For answer Mrs. Curtis burst into tears—real tears—for this argued to her nothing less than a total forgetfulness of her interests on the part of her husband, and a cruel desertion of his own children, and she brought out her complaint in a storm of angry sobs and tears.

"Now, Esther, do be reasonable. What less can I do for these poor girls? I wish you could see how broken-hearted they are, poor things."

"But—but you don't consider your own children, John. These girls ought to get their own living."

"Well, perhaps they may, by and by. They might learn to teach something themselves, but they are not fit for that yet."

By degrees Mrs. Curtis grew more calm, and then spoke of Augusta Crane, and how greatly she had improved, and how much better she had learned every thing at this convent school.

But at the word "convent" Mr. Curtis took alarm, and declared no child of his should ever go to one; but by degrees his wife managed to persuade him that this prejudice was, after all, very unreasonable, since Augusta had assured her that the most perfect religious liberty was allowed to the girls.

"Well, my dear, I don't know much about this matter, certainly, but I have always heard that this education plan is entirely in the hands of the Jesuits, and—"

"But, my dear, Augusta Crane has been there a whole year, and she must know how everything is managed by this time. It is not as though the Cranes were Catholics either; they always go to the Methodist Episcopal Church, you know."

"Yes, Crane is all right in that direction. Well, I will think about it."

"And I will write to Mrs. Robert Curtis to-morrow, and tell her the girls are going to school near New York, and Milly can pick up Amy and Florence on her way instead of their coming on here."

"Very well, my dear," and Mrs. Curtis knew the battle was won, and she might commence her preparations for Milly's departure. It was very grand, she thought, to send her daughter to school with a young lady who kept her own maid—a French maid, too—for Augusta had brought one home with her from school, and as soon as Annette heard that Milly was to go back with them she most obligingly offered to help Mrs. Curtis and her daughter in their preparations whenever her young mistress could spare her, and Augusta being quite willing to do this, Annette often found her way to Mrs. Curtis', and contrived to make herself so useful and so necessary to that lady that Mrs. Curtis took it into her head she must keep a maid to do her hair and trim her hats and alter her dresses. She could afford to do it, she argued, for Annette would more than save her wages in dress-maker's bills, if only she could secure somebody as handy as Annette for the same wages Augusta paid her.

The obliging maid promised to make enquiries when she returned to the convent. They had an orphan school, she said, distinct from the ladies' school, and it might be that one of the girls educated there, as she had been, would be glad to take Mrs. Curtis' situation, unless Augusta would be willing to change maids when she got back, which Mrs. Curtis thought was very unlikely.

So the affair was settled, that a maid should be sent on approval, if one could be found. Just before they left, however, Mrs. Curtis heard that Mrs. Crane was likewise in want of a maid, and wished Annette to stay with her, but Augusta declared she could not travel without her help, but she would send her back to her mother, if possible, if she could get another to take her place.

Meanwhile, the news had reached Amy and Florence Curtis that they were to go with their cousin to a convent school, and it caused them no small surprise at first. Their aunt's letter had been very quickly followed by one from their uncle, telling them that a school in the neighborhood of New York had been so strongly recommended by a young lady who had spent a year there, that he had decided to send his own daughter and he wished them to go with her. They would be company for each other, he said, and the three together might mutually help each other if there should be any religious difficulty, which he did not anticipate, however, as he had been assured that the most perfect liberty was allowed in this matter.

The widow herself seemed too much overcome with grief to feel either surprise or alarm at anything that was proposed; and Florence, the younger daughter, was almost as broken-hearted as her mother.

Amy, however, who had always in some sort been a little mother to her sister, although only a year older, at once began discussing the plan with all its advantages and disadvantages.

"Look here, Florie, we shall have a capital chance for getting on with our music. I have always heard they take no end of pains with music at these convent schools, and if we can only become proficient in that, we might teach by and by, and keep mamma like a lady."

"Yes, my dear; I am very glad you will have a chance to learn properly now. I have no doubt your uncle has made every enquiry or he would not send your cousin so far away from home—for a whole year, too."

"Yes, mamma, I dare say he has; but still I don't like that part of it, Fancy being a whole year without going to church."

"Without going to church! what do you mean, Amy? Your uncle says there is perfect religious liberty."

"Yes, I know, but still I don't believe that means that we shall be allowed to go to our own church or Sunday-school."

"My dear, if I thought—but no, I am sure your uncle has quite satisfied himself upon this point, or your cousin would not be going there, and so I shall make myself quite easy about this matter, only you must write to me very often, both of you."

"Oh yes, mamma, and you must write to us every week, at least," said Florence. "And tell us all about the church you go to, and the Sunday-school. I wonder whether they are the same in the South as here!" added Amy.

"I have no doubt they are, and if you do not go to Sunday-school yourselves, you might get a little class together and study the very same lessons as they are studying everywhere else."

"Oh, so we might, Amy; we will get as many of the International Lesson papers as we can before we go and mamma can send them on to us afterward."

"Oh yes, do, mamma, and all the notes you can get as well. That was a good thought of yours, Florie, and we can learn the Golden Text for every Sunday, as well as you, mamma. O, that will be nice." And Amy skipped round the room in the relief she felt at having discovered something that might be a fair substitute for her own much-loved Sunday class.

"My dear, you must write and tell me everything about this convent school. I wish I could stay here a little longer, just to know how things are going on."

"O, things will go on beautifully now I have thought of our Sunday-school lessons," said Amy, anxious to allay the fears she had herself aroused.

"I hope they will let you all go to church—to some Protestant Church, I mean."

"Well, perhaps they will if there are a lot of Protestant girls there. At all events, they cannot make Catholics of us while we have our Sunday-school papers to remind us of things; so be sure you don't forget, mother, to send us lots and lots—everything you can get hold of that will explain the lessons to us, for fear we should have no other teacher."

Mrs. Curtis gave the required promise, and proposed that they should go that very afternoon to the bookstore and buy what they could at once in the way of books and papers, that they might be ready for packing.

There was not much preparation needed beyond the purchase of a few more articles of under-clothing, for their dresses were all new, and would last them for some months, at least, if not the whole year. But Mrs. Curtis, who was to start for Richmond the day after her children left her, had visits to pay to old friends, and business matters to settle that occupied her time and attention so much, that thoughts of the difficulties in the way of her girls at this convent school soon passed from her mind—for the present, at least.

It had been arranged that Mr. Curtis should bring Milly the day before that on which she was to arrive at school, that the cousins might become acquainted before going among strangers. Augusta Crane and her maid, Annette, who were travelling with them, were to stay at a hotel in the city during this time, for Mr. Curtis was not sufficiently taken with Augusta to propose taking her with them to his sister-in-law's, and when Milly saw what a small house her aunt lived in, she was very glad Augusta had not been invited.

She was quite prepared to like her cousins from her father's description of them, but she was not going to give herself up exclusively to them. Augusta Crane should be her chosen companion and dear friend, she was resolved, although Augusta had given some signs on their journey of not being specially desirous of her company. She told Amy at once of this dear friend who kept a lady's maid to attend her, even at school, and Amy being duly impressed by the unusual grandeur of her cousin's friend, Milly became even more friendly and confidential, and suggested that they should try and get rooms near each other. She had heard that the rules of the convent were that two young ladies should have a bed room between them. She hoped to share Augusta Crane's, of course,

and wished her cousins to be next to them if possible.

She did not have much to say to Florence. She seemed a poor, spiritless girl to Milly, but Amy might be useful by and by, and so the two girls laughed and chatted, exchanged confidences, and made plans for the future, so that all Mr. Curtis' fears for the future of his daughter and nieces were dispelled. If only the girls kept together and were on good terms with each other they would be all right, they would prove a mutual safeguard to each other, and no harm could happen to them. So that it was with the greatest satisfaction he saw Milly and Amy were mutually pleased with each other, for he knew that his nieces had been more carefully trained in many things than his own daughter, and possessed religious principles that were not so likely to give way before the stress of temptation as Milly's, and the last of his fears were set at rest when Amy assured him she would write to him as well as her mother and tell him how every thing was managed at this convent school.

(To be Continued.)

THE FRENCH TEXT.

A long row of beds, most of them occupied, only a few empty, and a great many pale faces that seemed familiar with pain. This is what they saw as they stood there, that old gentleman and the little girl. It was no strange sight to them, this scene of suffering; they went there often to visit the sick and the friendless, and they loved to do so.

There were many who lay week after week in that hospital, with those dear to them far away, who had no friend to come and sit by their bedside sometimes, and help to pass the weary hours. To these the two came to speak some cheering word, to these they brought some little gift—an orange, or a book. And the sick folk loved to watch for the appearance of the gray-headed gentleman and the little girl.

To-day they were speaking to nurse.

"Who is that man yonder in the farthest bed? It is a new face, and he looks like a foreigner."

"Yes, sir," nurse answered, "he is a French sailor, and met with a fearful accident a few days ago. They brought him here, but he understands only a word or two of English; his ship has left, and he has no one to speak to him in his own language. I sometimes listen to him, sir," she added, "murmuring to himself, but of course I do not understand—it sounds gibberish to me. Perhaps little missy would not mind speaking in French to him; he would be very pleased, I'm sure."

The gentleman looked down at the child who was holding his hand.

"Will you go, Mabel, and speak to the poor fellow? You could manage a few words?" he asked.

"Oh, father!" and she spoke in a distressed tone, "I could not do it well enough."

How could she who only knew a little, very little, French, attempt to speak to this strange man so imperfectly in his own language? Now, if only her big brother had been there he could have done it so well, for he had lived a year in France; but she—what could she do? She did not know what to say to him; he would not understand, perhaps. Oh, how she wished she had got on better, instead of being so backward!

These thoughts were passing through her mind, and her father saw her hesitate.

"Afraid to attempt it, I suppose," he said; "I cannot speak a word of French myself; so I am no good, you see."

But a bright idea had struck the little maiden.

"Father," she whispered, "shall I tell him my French text?"

"Yes, do, darling; that will be better than anything else you can say."

Her French text was one that she had learned by heart from a French Bible, that was given to her but a week or two before. It had been some little labor to learn it, but at last it was fixed firmly in her memory; and how glad she was now that she could leave her text with the poor sufferer, for perhaps he had never heard it before.

Many eyes were turned toward the bright little creature with the golden hair, as she walked down that long ward alone, and the sun, bursting in at the window, seemed to follow and dance by her side. Timidly she approached the bed in the farthest corner, for had not nurse said he had met with a fearful accident? and she shrank from the thought of what suffering he must be going through even now, for the eyes were closed, and the mouth drawn as if with pain.

She paused. What if he were dying? The face was very death-like, and he lay there very still. But no; the sound of footsteps, soft and quiet though they were, had caught his ear; the weary eyes opened and fixed their gaze upon the child as she stood beside the bed.

Slowly, very slowly, the gentle little voice repeated the words, "Car Dieu a tellement aime le monde qu'il a donne son Fils unique, afin que quiconque croit en lui ne perisse point, mais qu'il ait la vie eternelle;" and then she turned away.

Strange that this little girl should have given that message to him, stranger still he had heard those very words before. But where? His memory was clouded, he could not remember. Once more those heavy eyelids closed, for even thought was wearisome.

Another sleepless night of tossing to and fro followed, and more days of suffering, but ever those words were sounding in his ears. Oh! where had he heard them before? Strange, he could not help thinking of them. And then came days when the pain was easier, days of calm and quiet, and the mind, before so clouded, was clear at last. Again and yet again, that vision seemed to come before him. It was, he thought, a little angel face that had appeared for such a brief moment, and the soft voice kept sounding in his ears the words he could not forget. It was a message to him—a message from God.

At last it came clearly before him; he saw it all. The little church, the old pasteur, and he, a boy sitting at his father's side listening to the very words that had now been told to him again. He had not heeded them much then, but now he remembered the solemn question put to the little congregation years ago: "If you were to die to-day, should you perish or have everlasting life?" Of the everlasting life he did not feel sure, for he had been a sinner he knew full well, and what sinner could hope for everlasting life?

Some one had placed a French Bible by his bedside, and in this he read that God was love, that Christ his beloved Son came not to die for the righteous but for sinners, that He would freely bestow forgiveness on all who asked Him, that He had said, "Come unto Me." And the sailor prayed. Did ever sinner plead with the Saviour for pardon in vain?

Frequently the sufferer turned his wistful gaze toward the door, long did he watch for the little figure that had stood beside his bed—but she never came again. It so happened that she was called away to another part of the country, to visit some relatives; but that one simple text had done its work: the message she had delivered remained like a seed to spring up and bear after its kind. When after some months she returned home, it was a glad story her father had to tell of the change wrought by these blessed words. The sailor had recovered, and gone forth rejoicing in hope.—*Sunday at Home.*

CONVENIENCES FOR SABBATH KEEPING.

The first summer that Ned Perry spent at his father's new country house, he made friends with Burt Niles, who lived next door. Burt was a bright boy, who had "seen everything," as Ned declared. This feat he accomplished when travelling with his parents for six months. Of course he had many adventures to relate to Ned, who told them in turn to his mother.

One day Ned said to her: "The Niles could not keep the Sabbath holy in Europe."

"Indeed, why not?"

"Oh, Burt says there were no conveniences, so they had to do as other folks did. They went to military shows, parks, theatres, and climbed mountains just as they did on other days."

"What are the conveniences, Ned, for remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

"Oh, churches (not Catholic ones), Sunday-schools, peace and quietness, I suppose. Over there he says they don't shut up shops or stop work unless it is for some excursion or fun or a holiday."

"I see what you mean, but I know of a worse place. It was out in the mining regions where Sunday was the day that the men drank most, fought, gambled, and often murdered one another. One time a new man came to a little settlement, and, what was very uncommon, brought his wife and boy like you. He looked as rough and worked as hard as the rest did for six days, and when it came the seventh there were none of the conveniences you speak of, so he thought he might as well break the Sabbath. He told his wife he believed he would walk about a little, drop into the 'Corners' may be; but Billy had better stay with her.

"When he started the woman knew that in a week or two Billy would follow. There was nothing interesting outside the drinking saloon, rough and dirty as the place was. She put on her bonnet and went to find another woman, who had not much good in her except a fine voice. She could sing popular songs, and everybody liked to listen. Billy's mother sang very well and so could Billy. She carried a little book to the woman and offered to teach her some new songs. When they proved to be hymns the woman might not have cared for them, but this mother made her think of her own, dead for years. They had a long talk together, and concluded that the conveniences for keeping the day in the best way were after all inside not outside of them. The good singer promised to come to the other's cabin and spend the afternoon. About midday the father came home; he had found the rioting a little too much, probably later he would have got used to it with the rest. A little while after that the noisy miners began to hear clear sweet voices singing in the cabin not far away. They went to the door and listened. A few jeered at the words they heard; but not many, for they seldom heard melody of any kind. Half a dozen of them deliberately strolled out and sat down on the rocks near the new miner's door. They shouted out for more when they liked any tune, and were a queer company; but they heard almost every hymn in the book. Billy's mother was happy, for she was thinking all the time, 'If my husband and my boy have no Sunday they will lose all good. If I do my best to keep it for and with them, God will bless and help us, for it is his day.'

"Next Sunday there was a little audience all about on the rocks, and Billy's mother sat in the door and read one of Christ's lovely parables out loud. The miners said she 'had a right to do what she wanted in her own house, and they guessed they could stand a little Bible. Women were scarce and it was nice to look on a good one.' The truth was, they felt it was better for them than the carousing at the 'Corners.'

"Before many weeks the other woman's heart was opened to new thoughts of God's love, to sorrow for her wicked life. She begged Billy's mother to tell her better ways, and she tried faithfully to walk in them. At the end of six months the miner's family moved away; but they left good behind them. Men had begun to realize that church spires, state laws, other people's habits, were not necessary conveniences for keeping holy the Sabbath, or for loving the Father in heaven. Don't you see, Ned, the heart is the place to keep the Sabbath. If you want to have it a beautiful, calm day, you can get some sort of a 'convenience outside.'"

"Even in Europe, I think," said Ned.

"Anywhere, Ned. Does Burt keep the Sabbath at home?"

"He does not go to Sunday-school."

"Well, don't tell him he is all wrong and you are all right, don't criticise him at all; but politely ask him to go with you next time, and by-and-by he will have all the 'conveniences' for doing right. He has them now, if he only knew it."—*Child's Paper.*

THE POWER OF PRAYER was well illustrated in an incident related by a missionary in the Fulton Street noon meeting. Fifteen young men banded themselves together to form a club for gay and frivolous pleasures. Two of the number were employed in a large store. Some of their fellow-clerks determined to pray for these two young men and indeed for all of the fifteen. They met each night for some weeks to pray. One night, as the two were about to proceed to a ball, one said to the other, "We have had enough of this folly; let us give it up and seek to become Christians." The other agreed, and they had scarcely exchanged vows when the village church bell rang out a call to the week-night prayer meeting. It seemed to these young men the voice of God. They attended the prayer-meeting, asked those assembled to pray for them, sought sincerely after a saving knowledge of Christ and were soon happy and devoted Christians. A gracious revival marked the history of the church and twelve more of the fifteen members of the pleasure club were among the fruits—the remaining one moving away from the place, or in some way being lost sight of, but, for aught the speaker could say, also brought to the Saviour.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Question Corner.—No. 2.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

13. Whom did Nebuchadnezzar make governor of Judea after the destruction of Jerusalem?
14. What persons of note were led captive into Babylon?
15. What king had his life prolonged fifteen years in answer to prayer?
16. What sign was given to him that he should recover from his sickness?
17. Who was Elimelech?
18. Who slew eighty-five priests?
19. At whose instigation was this done?
20. Who was Ahimelech?
21. How many years did Moses rule Israel?
22. Who was his successor?
23. Who was called "The Word"?
24. Of whom did Christ say, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile"?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The king who reigned in Judea when Joseph and Mary with the infant Jesus were returning from Egypt.
2. The birth-place of Jesus.
3. The king's father.
4—5. Two Moabitish women who married sons of Naomi.
6. The birthplace of the apostle Paul.
7. A nationality Paul proudly claimed.
8. The tribunal before which he was brought when in Athens.
9. One who acted as prosecutor in the case of Paul before Felix.
10. A desert portion of Judea where John proclaimed the coming of Christ.
11. The name of the kingdom which he declared at hand.
12. The name given to Edom by Isaiah.
13. The land of promise, or the holy land.
14. The city in which David dwelt before Jerusalem was made the capital of Judea.
15. A son of one of the patriarchs, whose name signifies laughter.
16. His mother.
17—18. Two wives of King Ahasuerus.
19—20. Two of the sons of Jacob.

These initials compose an injunction of Paul to the Romans, in which he urges upon them the hatred of sin.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO 24.

276. Lions were sent among them which destroyed some of them because they feared not the Lord. 2 Kings xvii. 25.
277. He sent back one of the priests to teach the people how to worship God. 2 Kings xvii. 27, 28.
278. Against the city of Nineveh. Jonah i. 2.
279. Offering sacrifice himself instead of waiting for Samuel. 1 Sam. xiii.
280. The General of David's army.
281. The captain of Saul's hosts. 2 Sam. ii. 8.
282. To avenge the death of his brother Asahel. 2 Sam. iii. 27.
283. "Cursed be the man that eateth any food until evening that I may be avenged on mine enemies." 1 Sam. xiv. 24.
284. The people would not let Saul put him to death. 1 Sam. xiv. 45.
285. David. 2 Sam. xxiii. 15, 16.
286. In Bethlehem. 2 Sam. xxiii. 15.
287. The Philistines.
288. By Nebuchadnezzar. 2 Chron. xxxvi. 13, 19.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

S aul.
O badiah.
L ot.
O rpah.
M anna.
O bed.
N un.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 24.—Jane Patton, 12 ac; Sarah Patton, 12 ac; Mary Patton, 12 ac; Agnes McMullan, 12 ac; Mary J. McMullan, 12 ac; E. B. Craig, 12 ac; Alexander George Burr, 12 ac; Annie D. Burr, 12; Joseph Dougan, 11 ac.

To No. 23.—Jane Patton, 12 ac; Sarah Patton, 12 ac; Mary Patton, 12 ac; Agnes McMullan, 12 ac; Mary J. McMullan, 12 ac; David W. McGee, 12; David Patterson, 11; William H. Simmons, 8; Arthur W. T. Hicks, 8; W. J. Beattie ac.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VII.

Feb. 12, 1882.] [Mark 3 : 20-35.

CHRIST'S FOES AND FRIENDS.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 31-35.

20. And the multitude cometh together again so that they could not so much as eat bread.

21. And when his friends heard of it they went out to lay hold on him: for they said, He is beside himself.

22. And the scribes which came down from Jerusalem said, He hath Beelzebub, and by the prince of the devils casteth he out devils.

23. And he called them unto him, and said unto them in parables, How can Satan cast out Satan?

24. And if a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand.

25. And if a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand.

26. And if Satan rise up against himself, and be divided, he cannot stand, but hath an end.

27. No man can enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods, except he will first bind the strong man; and then he will spoil his house.

28. Verily I say unto you, All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme:

29. But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation:

30. Because they said, He hath an unclean spirit.

31. There came then his brethren and his mother, and, standing without, sent unto him, calling him.

32. And the multitude sat about him, and they said unto him, Behold, thy mother and thy brethren without seek for thee.

33. And he answered them, saying, Who is my mother, or my brethren?

34. And he looked round about on them which sat about him, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren!

35. For whosoever shall do the will of God the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"He that is not with me is against me."—MATT. 12: 30.

TOPIC.—Christ Misjudged and Misunderstood.

LESSON PLAN.—I. FALSE CHARGES. 2. THE UNPARDONABLE SIN. 3. CHRIST'S KINDRED.

Time.—Midsummer and autumn, A.D. 28, shortly after the last lesson. Place.—Capernaum.

HELPS TO STUDY.

INTRODUCTORY.—After our Lord had chosen his twelve apostles, he delivered "The Sermon on the Mount." Matt. chs. 5-7; Luke 6:17-49. Then he returned to Capernaum. Immediately after his return he healed the centurion's servant. Matt. 8: 5-13; Luke 7: 1-10. The crowds continued to follow him, so that he had no time even to eat bread. His friends became alarmed at the intensity of his labors, and tried to restrain him.

I. FALSE CHARGES.—V. 20. EAT BREAD—So Christ's work may sometimes interfere with our bodily comfort and convenience. V. 21. HIS FRIENDS—his relations. HE IS BESIDE HIMSELF—he is known that he is killing himself with over-work—the same complaint we sometimes make of earnest workers who seem to over-tax their strength. V. 22. Jesus now began a great circuit through Galilee with the twelve. Matt. 11: 2-19; Luke 7: 11-35: 8. On his return to Capernaum he healed one possessed with a devil, blind and dumb. Matt. 12: 22. FROM JERUSALEM—they were jealous spies sent to watch him. HE HATH BEELZEBUB—this charge ascribed all that he said and did to the devil, and made the Spirit of God that rested on him the spirit of Satan. V. 23. HOW CAN SATAN—Will the leader of a party work against his own followers? If he has helped me to heal these possessed persons, he has helped me to undo his own work. V. 24. A KINGDOM—Has Satan's empire and devils showed that he was more than a match for Satan, and would overcome him.

II. THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.—(28-30.—V. 28. ALL SINS—no matter how great in guilt and number. BLASPHEME AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST—ascribe to the devil what is clearly the work of the Holy Spirit. HATH NEVER FORGIVENESS—and therefore its punishment must be eternal. 1 John 5: 16.

III. CHRIST'S KINDRED.—(31-35.) V. 35. HIS BRETHREN—either the children of Joseph by a former marriage, or the younger children of Joseph and Mary: probably the latter. SENT UNTO HIM—they could not themselves reach him on account of the crowd. Luke 8: 19. Vs. 34, 35. His true disciples—those who do, as well as hear, the will of God—are his nearest kindred. "He is not ashamed to call them brethren." Heb. 2: 11.

TEACHINGS:

1. We are either the foes or the friends of Jesus—for in or against him.

2. We should be open and decided in our attachment to him—never ashamed to own our love to him.

3. Hatred of Christ leads men into the greatest sins.

4. It is a fearful sin to ascribe to Satan what comes from God.

5. Those who do, as well as hear, the will of God are the friends of Jesus.

REMEMBER what a tender love Jesus had for his followers. Much as he loved his mother, he loved his disciples as well. He still loves them. He will always love them. His heart is full of affection for them. Should we not love him with all our hearts? Will you not love him?

LESSON VIII.

Feb. 19, 1882.] [Mark 4: 1-20.

PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 3 8.

1. And he began again to teach by the sea-side: and there was gathered unto him a great multitude, so that he entered into a ship, and sat in the sea; and the whole multitude was by the sea on the land.

2. And he taught them many things by parables, and said unto them in his doctrines,

3. Hearken; Behold, there went out a sower to sow:

4. And it came to pass, as he sowed, some fell by the way-side, and the fowls of the air came and devoured it up.

5. And some fell on stony ground, where it had not much earth; and immediately it sprang up, because it had no depth of earth:

6. But when the sun was up, it was scorched; and because it had no root, it withered away.

7. And some fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up, and choked it, and it yielded no fruit.

8. And other fell on good ground, and did yield fruit that sprang up and increased; and brought forth, some thirty, and some sixty, and some an hundred.

9. And he said unto them, He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

10. And when he was alone, they that were about him with the twelve asked of him the parable.

11. And he said unto them, Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God: but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables:

12. That seeing they may see, and not perceive; and hearing they may hear, and not understand; lest as any time they should be converted, and their sins should be forgiven them.

13. And he said unto them, Know ye not this parable? and how then will ye know all parables?

14. The sower soweth the word.

15. And these are they by the wayside, where the word is sown; but when they have heard, Satan cometh immediately, and taketh away the word that was sown in their hearts.

16. And these they likewise which are sown on stony ground; who, when they have heard the word, immediately receive it with gladness;

17. And have no root in themselves, and so endure but for a time; afterward, when affliction or persecution ariseth for the word's sake, immediately they are offended.

18. And these are they which are sown among thorns; such as hear the word,

19. And the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful.

20. And these are they which are sown on good ground; such as hear the word and receive it, and bring forth fruit, some thirtyfold, some sixty, and some an hundred.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."—REV. 2: 29.

TOPIC.—Christ's Lesson on Hearing.

LESSON PLAN.—1. A LESSON ON HEARING. 2. THE LESSON NOT UNDERSTOOD. 3. THE LESSON EXPLAINED.

Time.—Autumn, A.D. 28, the same day as the last lesson. Place.—The Sea of Galilee, near Capernaum.

HELPS TO STUDY.

INTRODUCTORY.—Whilst Jesus was by the seaside the people came in great numbers to hear him. So he went into a boat and sat down and taught them, while they stood on the shore. Our lesson to-day is the first of the parables which he then spoke.

I. A LESSON ON HEARING.—V. 1. THE SEASIDE—The Sea of Galilee. V. 2. PARABLES—word-pictures or stories used to make plain divine truth. V. 3. A SOWER—Observe, that the same kind of seed throughout the parable. The difference in the ground makes the difference in the result. V. 4. BY THE WAY-SIDE—the Jewish fields were not fenced in from the roads as ours are, but had paths or roads running through them. The seed falling on these hard-trodden paths would lie upon the surface, where the birds would see it and pick it up. STONY GROUND—very thin soil over rocks. Such a place, on account of the greater warmth, the seed will spring up sooner than when the soil is deeper. But the roots will be baked in the sun by day and, at the plants wither away. V. 7. AMONG THORNS—upon soil in which there were the roots of thorns. The briers grew faster than the seed, and choked and killed it. V. 8. GOOD GROUND—rich soil well tilled. There the seed grew well and bore grain—in some places a hundred fold, as much as was sown, in others sixty, in others thirty. V. 9 WHO HATH EARS—he wanted his hearers to attend carefully to what he had said.

II. THE LESSON NOT UNDERSTOOD.—V. 10. ASKED OF HIM THE PARABLE—what is meant and why he taught in parables. V. 11. THE MYSTERY—the great truths of the gospel. UNTO THEM THAT ARE WITHOUT—but did not believe in him. They were so earthly, so sensual, that they would not see the truth. Their hearts were so dull they would not receive his teachings. V. 12 NOT PERCEIVE—because they do not desire to know the truth. NOT UNDERSTAND—because they do not use the proper means.

III. THE LESSON EXPLAINED.—V. 14. THE WORD—the seed is the word of God, the truth which he has revealed; the sower is he who uses the means known to his neighbors; the GROUND is the heart of the hearer. V. 15. THEY BY THE WAYSIDE—they hear the truth, but it falls upon their hearts like seed on the beaten road. SATAN COMETH IMMEDIATELY—he finds means to take the truth from the mind of the careless hearer. Vs. 16, 17. The stony-ground hearers. There are two good signs in these hearers: they hear the word and receive it with gladness. But there is one great defect: THEY HAVE NO ROOT IN THEMSELVES. The hard heart of sin is only covered over with a thin surface of feeling, and they endure only for a little while. When they are tried they fall, as the rootless grain withers before the sun. V. 18. AMONG THORNS—a large class of hearers is described. They hear the word, but the CARES OF THIS WORLD—the desire of gain, the love of pleasure—CHOKE THE WORD, just as briers and weeds choke the growing grain. V. 20. GOOD GROUND—hearts honest, sincerely seeking the right, will receive the truth and bring forth fruit.

TEACHINGS:

1. Our hearts are the soil in which are to grow the harvests of life and eternity.

2. The word of God is the good seed that brings forth fruit unto eternal life.

3. It is a great privilege to hear the gospel; we must take heed how we hear.

4. We must prepare our hearts by casting out everything that is contrary to the word.

5. We must set a high value on the word, counting it more precious than gold or silver.

6. We must hear it prayerfully and with faith.

7. We must receive it gladly, as good news from heaven.

REMEMBER that your pastor and teacher are sowers of the good seed. In what kind of soil do you receive it? Are you careless and unfruitful hearers, or are you producing the fruits of a holy life? Seek to have good and honest hearts, that the truth may prevail over your sins. Become in your turn sowers of the good seed. Even the youngest may find ways of doing this.

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER.

The WEEKLY MESSENGER is meant to meet the wants of those readers of the NORTHERN MESSENGER, and their friends who would like to get the news of the day along with the other family reading hitherto furnished. At fifty cents a year it will perhaps be the cheapest weekly newspaper in the world. It will also contain an interesting story. Subscribers who have remitted thirty cents for the NORTHERN MESSENGER can have the WEEKLY MESSENGER by sending the other twenty cents. By getting up a club of five you can have the WEEKLY MESSENGER for forty cents each. It will be counted a club if one person sends the five subscriptions, and the papers will be sent to the separate addresses. The object of this club plan is to get our readers to do all they can to get additional subscribers. We count on a very large subscription list for this paper as it is, we think, just what people want, we need not talk about its merits. The best plan is to send for a sample, and let the people judge for themselves. The object of the paper is to supply good reading and keep out bad.

WELL APPRECIATED.

Each subscriber to the WEEKLY WITNESS at $1.10 receives either "The Roll Call," or "Quatre Bras," as may be chosen. By sending 25 cents extra or $1.35 the subscriber receives the WEEKLY WITNESS for a year and the pair of pictures. The following expressions from the newspapers show what is thought of these pictures. The *Windsor Mail* says: "We think the WITNESS patrons will be fortunate in possessing copies of these famous pictures. 'The Roll Call,' and 'Quatre Bras,' are the subjects, both well known to *connoisseurs*. We have a copy of the former subject, made by the albertype process, hanging in our office. It is the most perfect imitation of steel of all modern inventions of 'engraving,' and cost but $1.10 in Boston, but the WITNESS publishers offer the same pictures for twenty-five cents (nothing) to their subscribers. When well executed pictures of high merit can be obtained at such a low price we think the sickly yellow chromo will take a back seat." The *Napanee Express* says: "They are the finest premiums ever offered by any newspaper in Canada." The *Chatham Planet* says: "The pictures are from very good plates and subscribers who get one with their paper will be sure to want the companion picture. The WITNESS is one of the best family papers published in Canada giving no uncertain sound about its position upon the moral questions of the day and being outspoken upon every question of public concern." The *Cowansville Observer* says, "The subjects are such as must interest every loyal subject of Her Majesty, and the pictures are beautifully executed." The *North Ontario Observer* says: "The MONTREAL WITNESS is a journal of superior merit and conducted with much ability. While disliking its politics we cheerfully acknowledge its genuine worth as a valuable, well conducted, reliable newspaper. The two pictures presented to subscribers are worth more than the year's subscription." Every reader of the MESSENGER who desires an interesting and reliable newspaper should take the WEEKLY WITNESS.

PRIZES.

Owing to the bad weather our prize winners delayed beginning their work, but now they are at work in earnest and doing remarkably well, and we hope they will do still better. Those desiring lists of prizes may obtain them on application.

RENEW.

We hope to retain the name of every subscriber to the MESSENGER on our subscription list these years. If you have been obtaining it as one of a club and the club is not renewed as such please send us your single subscription, thirty cents.

A MISTAKE.

An error by some unexplainable means crept into our prospectus which was sent out in the last issue. There, the circulation of the NORTHERN MESSENGER was placed down at 46,000, instead of ten thousand more. We hope that another ten thousand at least will be added to the list this year. Already the MESSENGER has the largest circulation of any paper in Canada of any description.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the International Post Office orders at their Post Office, can get instead a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N.Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and subscribers.

NOTICE.

Subscribers to this paper will find the date their subscription terminates printed after the name. Those whose subscriptions expire at the end of the present month will please have the remittances mailed in time.

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THE CLUB RATES for the "MESSENGER," when sent to one address, are as follows:—

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10 copies	$ 2 50
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